



My Prayer.

Let me not die before I've done for thee
My earthly work, whatever it may be:
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled,
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled.
Impress this truth upon me, that not one
Can do my portion that I leave undone,
For each one in thy vineyard hath a spot
To labor in for life, and weary not.
Then give me strength all faithfully to toil,
Converting barren earth to fruitful soil.
I long to be an instrument of thine,
To gather worshippers unto thy shrine:
To be the means one human soul to save
From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave.
Yet most I want a spirit of content,
To work where'er thou'lt wish my labor spent.
Whether at home or in a stranger clime,
In days of joy or sorrow's sterner time.
I want a spirit passive, to lie still,
And by thy power, to do thy holy will.
And when the prayer unto my lips doth rise,
Before a new home doth my soul surprise,
Let me accomplish some great work for thee,
Subdue it, Lord: let my petition be,
Oh! make me useful in this world of thine,
In ways according to thy will, not mine.
Let me not leave thy space of ground untilled,
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled:
Let me not die before I've done for thee
My earthly work, whatever it may be.

A GERMAN LEGEND.—There was once a mother and a child, and the mother loved this her only child with her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among the children, which seized this little one, which lay on its sick bed, even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched and wept, and prayed by the side of her darling child—but it died. The mother, now left alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unspeakable grief. She ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept, wept, three long days and three long nights, without ceasing; calling constantly upon her child. The third night, as she thus sat overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spoke: "Oh! dearest mother, weep no more for me: the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more, it will overflow, and I shall have no more rest in the grave, and no joy in heaven. Therefore, oh, dearest mother! weep no more for your child; for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions." It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's rest in the grave, and its joys in heaven. For the sake of her infant's happiness, she controlled the anguish of her heart. So strong and self-sacrificing is a mother's love."

Idea are customers; you must wait on them as soon as they come, or they will be gone to your rival, who will. However we may differ concerning the fugitive-slave bill, let us be unanimous for a fugitive-thought bill. Hurrah for a bill to detect, apprehend, and hold in custody runaway thoughts. Seize, then, the fugitives; chain them in a coffin.

In every noble heart burns a perpetual thirst for a nobler; in the fair for a fairer; it wishes to behold its ideal out of itself in bodily presence, with glorified or adopted form, in order the more easily to attain to it, because the lofty man can ripen only by a lofty one, as diamond can be polished only by diamond.

The New York Herald, with a grim jocularity, suggests that Gen. Milroy ought to be tried by a court-martial for leaving his wife and daughter in the hands of the enemy—"conduct unbecoming a gentleman and a husband!"

Choctaw county, in Mississippi, is reported to have seceded from Secession.—rebels will have to deal with rebellion.

The Battle Field at Gettysburg.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 6, 1863.

At the time of writing you yesterday I had not visited the entire battle-field which is hereafter to be one of the proud spots of our national history. To-day I have passed from end to end of the whole ground where the lines of battle were drawn. The place bears evidence of having been the scene of a fierce struggle.—The shocks of those two masses of humanity, surging and resurging, the one against the other, could hardly pass without leaving their traces in fearful characters. At Waterloo, at Wagram, and at Jena the wheat grows more luxuriantly and the corn shoots its stalks further towards the sky than before the great conflicts that rendered those fields famous. The fields of Gettysburg and Antietam hereafter shall more bountifully reward the farmer as he tills the soil, which has been made richer by the outpoured blood of thousands of America's sons.

FROM THE TOWN TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

Passing out of Gettysburg by the Baltimore turnpike, we come in a few steps to the entrance of the cemetery. Little of the enclosure remains save the wicket gateway, from which the gates have been torn. The neat wooden fence first thrown down to facilitate the movement of our artillery became absorbed for fuel and in various other uses, as the soldiers made their camp on the spot.

TRACES OF THE STRUGGLE AT THE CEMETERY.

Monuments and headstones lie here and there overturned. Graves, once carefully tended by some loving hand, have been trampled by horse's feet until the vestiges of verdure have disappeared. On one grave lies a dead artillery horse, fast decomposing under the July sun. On another lie the torn garments of some wounded soldier, stained and saturated with his blood.

POSITION OF CEMETERY HILL—ITS IMPORTANCE.

The hill on which this cemetery is located was the centre of our line of battle and the key to the whole position. Had the rebels been able to carry this point they would have forced us into retreat, and the whole battle would have been lost. To pierce our line here was Lee's great endeavor, and he threw his best brigades against it. Wave after wave of living valor rolled up that slope, only to roll back again under the deadly fire of our artillery and infantry. It was on this hill, a little to the right of the cemetery, where occurred the charge of the famous Louisiana Tigers. It was their boast that they were never yet foiled in an attempt to take a battery, but on this occasion they suffered a defeat and nearly annihilation.

THE BATTLE GROUND BEFORE US.

From the summit of this hill a large portion of the battle ground is spread out before the spectator. In front and at his feet lies the town of Gettysburg, containing in quiet times a population of four or five thousand souls. It is not more than a hundred yards to the houses in the edge of the village where the contest with the rebel sharpshooters took place. To the left of the town stretches a long valley, bounded on each side by a gently sloping ridge. The crest of each ridge is distant a good three-fourths of a mile or more from the other. It was on these ridges that the lines of battle on the second and third days were formed, the rebel line being on the ridge to the westward. The one stretching directly from our left hand, and occupied by our own men, has but little timber upon it, while that held by the rebels can boast of several groves of greater or less extent. In one of these the Pennsylvania College is embowered, while in another is seen the Theological Seminary. Half way between the ridges are the ruins of a large brick building burned during the engagement, and dotted about here and there are various brick and frame structures. Two miles at our left rises a sharp elevation, known to the inhabitants of the region as the Round Hill. Its sides are wooded and the forest stretches from its base across the valley to the crest of the western ridge,

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

spoken of above, was one of the spots around which the battle raged. Beyond it was where the First and Eleventh corps contended with Ewell and Longstreet on the first day of the engagement. Afterwards, finding that the rebels were too strong for them, they fell back and took up a new position, including this building in the line. Here the loss was very heavy, and the seminary shows the fearful nature of the struggle. Its walls are perforated with shot and shell, and the bricks are indented by numerous bullet marks. Its windows show the effects of the musketry, and but little glass remains to shut out the cold and rain.

ARTIFICIAL DEFENCES.

The line of breastworks continues. From the centre of our position, far away to the extreme left, our men threw up hasty defences, from which to resist the rebel attack. Wherever stone fences were found they were taken advantage of to form a part of the line. Where these were not at hand the rails from fences were heaped up and covered slightly with dirt. Where these did not run in the proper direction works of earth and trees were thrown up, behind which the men were to fight. They extended nearly to the base of Round Hill and into the timber that skirts that elevation. They were thrown up on Wednesday night, after the First and Eleventh had been driven back through the town. It was General Meade's plan to compel the enemy to make an attack, and for this purpose the works were thrown up. At the same time the rebels were not idle. They threw up a line of over four miles in length, in some cases constructing it with great care. For much of the way their works partake more of the nature of permanent defence than they do of a fortification that is designed to be merely temporary. It was evidently their supposition on Wednesday night that they could compel us to make the attack. They looked for an assault with inferior numbers upon their army in a strong position of their own choosing. Their expectations in this particular were not fulfilled.

EFFECT OF THE WHITWORTH PROJECTILE.

Moving still to the left, I found an orchard in which the fighting appears to have been desperate in the extreme. Artillery shot had ploughed through the ground in every direction, and the trees did not by any means escape the fury of the storm. The long balls of iron, said by officers present to be a modification of the Whitworth projectile, lay everywhere scattered. The rebels must have been well supplied with this species of ammunition, and they evidently used it with no sparing hand. At one time I counted twelve of these bolts lying on a space not fifty feet square. It was told that the forest in rear of our position was full of these shot that passed over our heads in the time of the action. The rebel artillery fire has heretofore been excellent, but I am told that on the present occasion it was not accurate. Why it was so is difficult to explain.

EFFECTS UPON WHEATFIELDS.

A mile from our central position, on the crest of the hill at the cemetery, was a field of wheat, and near to it a large tract, on which corn was growing luxuriously before the battle. The wheat was fearfully trampled by the hurrying feet of the dense masses of infantry as they changed their positions during the battle. In the cornfield artillery had been stationed, and changed its position as often as the enemy obtained its range. Hardly a hill of corn is left in its pristine luxuriance. The little that escaped the hoof or the wheel, as the guns moved from place to place, has since been nibbled off by hungry horses during the night bivouac subsequent to the battle. Not a stalk of wheat is upright; not a blade of corn remaining uninjured; all has fallen long before the time of harvest. Another harvest, in which death was the reaper, has been gathered above it.

THE ASSAULT ON THE LEFT.

On the extreme left the pointed summit of the hill of a thousand feet elevation rises toward the sky. Beyond it the country falls off into the mountain region that

extends to the Potomac and across it into Virginia. This hill is quite steep and difficult of ascent, and formed a strong position, on which the left of our line could rest. The enemy assaulted this point with great fury, throwing his divisions one after another against it. Their efforts were of no avail. Our men defended their ground against every attack. It was like the dash of the French at Waterloo against the immovable columns of the English. Stubborn resistance overcome the valor of the assailants. Time after time they came to the assault only to fall back as they had advanced. Their final retreat left the remnant of our men still standing behind their works. The rebel dead and wounded were scattered thickly about the ground. Our own were not wanting.

STORMED WITH SHOT AND SHELL.

Nearly to the left extreme of our line, and half way between the crests of the ridges, stands a neat farm house. Around this dwelling the battle raged as around Hougomont at Waterloo. At one time it was in the rebel possession, and was fiercely attacked by our men. The walls were pierced with shot and shell, many of the latter exploding within, and making of themselves a scene of devastation.—The glass was shattered by rifle bullets on every side, and all the woodwork bears testimony to the struggle. The sharpshooters were in every room, and added to the disorder caused by the explosion of shells. What the missiles spared the soldiery destroyed. The rebels were driven from the house, and the position was taken by our men. They in turn, were dislodged, but finally took and held the place.

THE REBEL DEAD.

Retreating my steps before reaching the extreme left I returned to the centre of our position on the Cemetery Hill. I do not follow the part by which I came, but take a route along the hollow, between the two ridges. It was across this hollow that the charges were made in the assaults upon our position. Much blood was poured out between these two swells of land.—Most of the dead have been buried where they fell, or gathered in little clusters beneath some spreading tree or beside clumps of bushes. Some of the rebel dead are still uncovered. The first that meets my gaze came upon suddenly, as I descend a bank some three or four feet in height, to the side of a small spring. He is lying near the spring, as if he had crawled there to obtain a draught of water. His hands are outspread upon the earth, and clutching at the little tufts of grass beneath them. His haversack and canteen are still hanging to his side, and his hat is lying near him. His musket is gone—either carried off by his comrades, taken by some relic seeker, or placed in the accumulated heap by our soldiers.

ADDITIONAL HORRORS.

The body of another rebel attracted my attention by a singular circumstance.—The face is discolored in the extreme, black as that of the purest Congo negro. The hands are delicate as that of any lady and of snowy whiteness. With the exception of the face, the body is but little swollen, and there are no signs of decomposition. Several bodies that I find with blackened faces, but no others than this display such a contrast between the color of the face and hands. Near a small white house in the rebel line lies an officer, evidently a lieutenant or captain. His right arm is extended as if to grasp the hand of a friend. All possible positions in which a dying man can fall can be noted on this field.

ON THE EMMETTSBURG ROAD.

Reaching the Emmettsburg road I find the same signs of battle that I have mentioned elsewhere. The rails are everywhere scarred by bullets, the fences thrown down, the ground cut by the wheels of the guns and trodden smooth by the feet of the soldiers. In every place it is strewn with the wreck of battle. A shattered gun carriage shows where a rebel battery stood and received the shot of our own.

SHELLING GEN. MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS.

The little farm house on the Emmettsburg road.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.